

## THANKSGIVING TURKEY

SOMETHING ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE AND DEATH.

He is Scarce and High Priced This Year, but Promises to Be Tender and Sweet.

KILLING FOR COMING SEASON

HUNDREDS ARE DRESSED DAILY FOR COLD STORAGE.

Thanksgiving Prices Will Be from 15 to 20 Cents a Pound—The Raising of Turkeys.

As the big turkey gobble struts majestically around the barnyard his little relatives howl contentedly at the sight of him. Every time he looks at him. The fact is, the farmer is watching the market reports on these birds very closely, and whenever he sees a newspaper his heart gives a leap with joy as he notes that turkeys have gone up another cent on the pound. It is then he goes to the barnyard and calls up his little flock and gives them another feed. As, however, the farmer's heart leaps with joy when he reads these reports the heart of the man in the city misses a beat, for according to them his Thanksgiving turkey is getting farther away from him every day, and as the price advances the picture of his Thanksgiving turkey with cranberry sauce, which he has been cherishing in his mind for many weeks, will no doubt change and a chicken or duck appear in its stead.

There has been a great cry about the scarcity of turkeys this year, and as far as the Eastern States are concerned this shortage is true and makes the situation of preparing a Thanksgiving dinner a rather serious matter, but while in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and all of the central and Western States the crop of turkeys is considerably smaller than it was last year it is sufficient to supply the demand and is about up to the average in number. In sections where last year 2,000 turkeys were bought this season only sixty-five were procured, but the crop of last year exceeded that of every previous year. The general scarcity now is no doubt due to the fact that last year the market was flooded with turkeys and they brought an exceedingly low price. The amounts that the farmers derived from last Thanksgiving did not pay.

Then this season feed has been high, which also made the turkey industry an exceedingly expensive business because a considerable amount of money was required to supply a flock with food; and at the same time the risk a farmer had in raising the birds was great, for in many instances they died before the season for selling. The rain which fell in profusion during the spring and early summer was bad for young turkeys, for during wet weather they die off in large numbers, and nothing can be done to prevent it. The raising of turkeys is a very discouraging business, and the farmer or poultry raiser who undertakes it will not find his path strewn with roses.

## THE TURKEY MARKET.

Thanksgiving is really the opening of the turkey market, and for months before this day is thought of by the average poultry dealer and raiser as preparing for it, and from then until after New Year's day there is more or less demand for these fowls. It is hardly known as yet how the demand will be this year because of the fact that higher prices will prevail, but poultry dealers say the indications point to a very successful year, because the quality of the turkeys is much above the average, and those that are being brought in are much better than any sold last year. There are many crooked-breasted birds among them, and they are all much heavier. The meat on the fowls this season will be more tender because the majority of them are covered with rich, yellow fat, that keeps the meat from becoming stringy and gives it a rich flavor. The prices which turkeys will sell at this fall will be about 3 cents higher than they were last year. The Eastern market quotes them at from 15 to 20 cents a pound wholesale and from 18 to 20 cents retail. As the local market is controlled entirely by the East the above prices also prevail here. When turkeys are sold to the consumer at such figures as now being asked it means that the farmer is getting from 8 to 9 cents a pound for his flock. This seems as though the poultry house is receiving quite a margin, but when it is taken into consideration that the commission man kills and dresses the birds and must also find the stores to retail them it will be easily seen that his profit is long from the amount he gets. Of course, the way for a farmer to really make any large sum from the sale of turkeys is for him to have his regular retail customers and to sell directly to them, for if he kills and dresses his birds he will receive two profits for them.

The poultry houses here have been killing turkeys night and day for the last three weeks for the Thanksgiving trade, and the buyers for these concerns go through the country during the middle of the summer and engage fowls for Thanksgiving, and many weeks before others plan their dinner for that day the turkeys are being killed and put in cold storage, awaiting the opening of the market. It is seldom that before this day a turkey is ever sold, and so closely has it been guarded that the turkey becomes associated with the holiday thought of without the other. They are nothing more appetizing to the small boy than to see the large Thanksgiving turkey taken out of the oven to be basted with the hot gravy that steams and smokes as it is poured over the baked fowl. The aroma that arises from it has a fascination which keeps him in the kitchen all morning, anxiously waiting for the dinner to be served. This and Christmas are the only two days in the year when the cook will permit him to get in her way without sending him upstairs, and no doubt the reason for the tolerance on her part is because everyone is in a better frame of mind on these two occasions.

## KILLING THE TURKEY.

The killing of the Thanksgiving turkey is an interesting sight, and at this time of year there is no bird that the slaughterer runs in a large poultry house. The men in this department work all kinds of hours, for no matter at what time a shipment of turkeys is received they are required to stay and slaughter until every one is killed. This is done to save the expense of feeding, and because they are

often bruised and injured while waiting over night to be killed. The turkeys, as soon as they are received and weighed, are taken to the killing room. The man in there does not wring the bird's neck-like father used to—nor does he lay the fowl's head on a block and cut it off with an ax. He uses a knife with a long, thin blade, which is thrust in the bird's mouth and into the back of its head until the brain is touched. This kills the turkey instantly and without a struggle. The principal reason that this method of slaughtering is used is that it saves time, and then the birds are kept from bruising themselves by jumping around as they do when their heads are cut off. After the bird is killed he is turned over to the pickers, who put him in a large tank of boiling water until he is scalded so that his feathers will come off with little trouble. The head and feet are left on the turkey after he is dressed. When he is picked and cleaned he is put in a large tank filled with ice, which freezes him. He is then ready for either the cold-storage house or market.

These large establishments are able to kill and dress from 500 to 700 turkeys a day, and from now until Thursday they will be running their full capacity. At these poultry houses turkeys are bought by the barrel, and instead of weighing each bird separately a large number of them are weighed at the same time and the aggregate weight is divided into the number of barrels all of the turkeys are equivalent to.

## GOOD CHRISTMAS DEMAND.

While Thanksgiving day has become recognized as the "real" day for turkeys, and over the whole country the shipments are larger than at any other time of the year, the local trade is heavier at Christmas. In the East every one will have his Thanksgiving turkey if he has nothing else for dinner, but in this section of the country this is not thought to be so necessary, and if a man can get a turkey for his Christmas dinner he feels very well contented. There are many people who think that the turkeys at Thanksgiving are too young to make good eating, and therefore prefer the meat of the older birds at Christmas. Another thing that increases the turkey trade at that time of the year is that many of the factories and business concerns give turkeys to their employees, but this year they will be less of this doing than ever before. The fact is, the custom has been dying out for the last few years. The reason that it is becoming unpopular is that in the distribution of the fowls many of the men became dissatisfied. The rule was to give the men with the largest families the biggest turkeys, but many of those with small families for some unknown reason did not approve of this, and in many instances it was found that the men exaggerated the number of people in their households in order to obtain the larger birds. Most of the business concerns will this year distribute money among their employees, and from every standpoint this seems to be the most satisfactory to all concerned.

The most successful turkey raisers are colored people, especially those who were reared on Southern plantations. They contend that the turkey is more of a wild bird than a tame one, and that it should be treated as such. They do not take as strict a care of their flocks as do the average white people, and consequently the birds have to take care of themselves for the most part. An illustration showing the success that these people have with turkeys occurred in the southern part of this State a few years ago. An old negro raised fifty turkeys on an acre lot, which is considered remarkable because turkeys have to have a place in which they can roam. The colored people also go by the signs of the moon in raising their flocks, and when it thunders and they have a turkey hen setting on eggs they drop an iron nail in the nest, which is said to keep the thunder from killing the young birds in the eggs. To keep the turkeys from being crooked breasted they also turn the eggs often when the hens are setting. Many of their ways and theories may appear absurd to most people, but nevertheless it is they that have the most success in raising the fowls.

## OVERCOATS AND MUFFLERS.

"When I was a child, overcoats for small boys had never been heard of," remarked an elderly doctor. "In fact, not all grown men had overcoats. My grandfather, I remember, wore a heavy gray blanket shawl across his shoulders in cold weather. He was a tall, slender man, and wore his long shawl—the fringed ends hanging down in front—with a very stately grace. Few men now, I fancy, could wear a shawl with the old-time degree of dignity; they would look foolish and awkward. My father always wore what was called 'a cape overcoat.' It was a picturesque garment. I wonder why we don't have a cape overcoat now? It consisted of a straight sack overcoat, with a deep cape on the shoulders; sometimes the cape came merely from behind the sleeves, like wings, rather. After the civil war the military cape for men was popular; many men always wore such capes, especially literary men. Daniel L. Paine wore a cape for years, also Ben D. House."

"But the small boy did not have any overcoat in the long ago. His mother or sister would knit or crochet for him a bright red, green and yellow worsted scarf, with long gay fringe at the ends. With his throat muffled in this scarf, wound around it twice or thrice, with red yarn mittens and red yarn stockings, the old-time schoolboy was not bad to look at on a snowy day. He never bothered to muffle up in this warm scarf when he played around the schoolhouse, however; so the small boy generally had lots of group and some talk. He was brought up on sore throat, and scarcely ever went to bed in the winter without a wet stocking pinned around his neck—the family remedy for sore throat. Mea wore those big red-and-green knit comforters, too, and within the last twenty-five years. They were half a yard wide, several yards long and had all the colors of the rainbow in them. If a man tied his shawl up in one of those primitive affairs now and walked on the streets he would be mobbed by the small boys of the town; it would be such a ridiculous sight. A few countrymen still muffle up in these worsted comforters, but they are small and modest affairs compared with the Christmas presents of crocheted gorgeousness that townmen used to get."

## A STRUGGLE FOR DISTINCTION.

"It is curious how our destinies seemed planned to disconcert vanity and discipline our weaknesses," remarked a young married lady at a thimble party. "Ever since I have been big enough to invent unreasonable antipathies I have detested the name of Jones. My maternal grandmother was Margaret Jones, and I was given her name. My dislike for it was not troublesome until I went away to school and encountered one girl with far more impressive middle names—Marmadukes, Mallorays and the like. Secretly I despised my family for having such a common name as Jones mixed in with it and decided that I for one would cut loose from it; so I took on a new middle name—Lorimer. Margaret Lorimer Blank, I wrote my name. Lorimer seemed to me to be very effective, indeed—quite New Yorkish."

## TWO ROOMS IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.



The White House at Washington, redecorated and almost rebuilt, is an entirely different mansion to what it was before the tenancy of President Roosevelt. Simplicity is the keynote of all the fittings of the interior. Above this paper publishes the first flashlight photographs of President Roosevelt's bedroom and the boudoir of Miss Alice Roosevelt.

mer Blank, I wrote my name. Lorimer seemed to me to be very effective, indeed—quite New Yorkish.

"Well, after a while I came back home, and there was trouble in the family when my letters from the girls I had met at school began to arrive, addressed to Miss Margaret Lorimer Blank. My father asked to have the matter explained, and when I blurted out the truth he frowned at me and said he was sorry that education and good common sense had not seemed to go hand in hand in my case. My brothers made my life miserable by always addressing me as 'Miss Lorimer, lady of Fifth avenue, New York,' but my dear mother dealt me the most dreadful blow. She smiled serenely and said it was a pity I had discarded my grandmother's name, because she would have to give all of grandmother's old silver—beautiful old-time tea set and coffee set, with the melon pattern—to a cousin we have, named Margaret Jones. The silver all had grandmother's name marked on it.

"Of course I could not submit to that; so I turned up all my 'Miss Margaret Lorimer Blank' stationery and visiting cards and returned to plain 'Margaret Jones.' Then, to cap the climax artistically, I fell in love with Raymond Jones, and now I'm Margaret Jones-Jones. However, I know I'm much happier than if I had married into the Lorimers. Mrs. Raymond Jones isn't so bad."

## A SANITARY CRUSADE.

Summer Resorts as Breeding of Diphtheria—Towns Without Sewerage.

The large number of cases of diphtheria in many large cities during the fall has aroused the health boards to something like united action looking to the enforced improvement of sewage systems in summer resorts. It has become pretty well settled in the minds of eminent physicians that the semi-epidemic in the early fall in cities are due to the reckless way in which people expose themselves at places advertised as summer resorts, but which are little more than death traps owing to the unsanitary conditions.

The large resorts near New York have good sewage systems which have been built with the growth of the towns and the inflow of cottagers who brought wealth and made improvements possible. Beyond this small circle, however, are numerous so-called resorts, extending south on the New Jersey coast to Point Pleasant and along the sound to Montauk and Cape Cod, which are entirely unfitted to handle the hundreds of visitors who seek a summer home for themselves and their children. Hotels have been put up with accommodations for hundreds of guests and all the refuse must be absorbed in the ground around the buildings. One town of which particular complaint is made has 2,000 inhabitants, and a floating population of probably 3,000 additional in summer, and no sewers whatever. The hotels on the beach are not allowed to drain into the ocean, because the bathing rights are owned by men influential in the Town Council and they fear that the polluted waters would drive away the bathers.

It is probable that the question of foreign travel is also contemplated, drawing the attention of the public to places that are dangerous from a sanitary point of view. The Pence of Nature.

Miss Porter, in "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

## TWO TALES OF THE TOWN

AN UNUSUAL BATTLE THAT TOOK PLACE IN INDIANAPOLIS.

Work of a Ferret at an Engine House—Midnight Raid Upon Private Coal Bins in This City.

This is the story of a very unusual battle that took place in Indianapolis one morning last week, and its authenticity is vouched for by two members of the Indianapolis fire department. Adjoining the rear part of an engine house on the west side of town is a large private stable, which is presided over by a young colored man, whose duty it is to look after the two horses that are housed in the building. Of late the private barn has been overrun with rats, and the stable man has been waging a fierce war against the destructive animals. Finding, however, that, despite the "peaky creatures" did not seem to decrease in numbers in any appreciable extent, he secured a pet ferret from a drayman employed in one of the big wholesale groceries on South Meridian street. He had never seen a ferret before, and, after observing its actions for a while, found it hard to believe that an animal of such slow locomotion could possess a famous reputation as a rat-hunter. Being of an experimental turn of mind, the stable man decided not to turn the ferret loose to hunt the rats in his own way, but to arrange a special set-to between the ferret and the largest rat that could be captured alive in a trap.

Two of the firemen next door became interested in the "match," and all three of the men began giving their attention to obtaining a suitable opponent for the ferret. Last Monday morning they found that a rodent of unusual strength and size had been captured in one of the traps during the night, and preparations were promptly made for the battle. The two animals were turned loose in an upstairs room of the barn, where there was no furniture. The door was closed, and the three men stood out in a hallway, looking through a glass window at the gladiators.

As soon as the rat found himself liberated, he began running round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and with prompt decision took his position directly under the light which streamed in through the window, thus gaining over his adversary—to use the language of other duellists—the advantage of the sun! The ferret erected his head, sniffed about, and began fearlessly to push his way toward the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe than the rat, with another loud cry, rushed at him with violence and inflicted a severe wound on his head and neck, which was soon shown by the blood that flowed from it. The ferret seemed astonished at the attack, and retreated to the other side of the room, where he stood over a small lamp and then was quickly and silently withdrawn under the door. Again and again this was repeated, and the man on the soap box, indignant as he had been over the loss of his coal, could scarcely repress a chuckle of amusement as he became aware that his valuable property was disappearing in such tiny instalments.

Suddenly, as the little hand was making its noiseless journey under the door for the twentieth time, the sentinel reached forward and clutched it in a firm grasp. The shrill scream that rang out into the night air from the other side of the door awoke the echoes of the neighborhood. "Now I've got you," said the proprietor of the coal bin. "What do you mean by stealing my fuel, you rascal?" A stifled sob from the alley was the only

answer, accompanied by a series of convulsive tugs on the part of the owner of the hand. "No use pulling that way; you can't escape," said the captor. "You're caught this time—it's all up with you." There was dead silence for a moment; then a fearful voice came from the alley: "Will yo' let me go, mister, ef I gives yo' back all yo' coal?" It implored. "Will yo' replace every piece of it?" demanded the captor. "Yes, sir, every single solitary lump," said the captive, with a gleam of hope showing itself in his tone. "Well, don't try to give me the slip if I let go your hand," said the captor, making his voice as gruff and fierce as possible. "for if you do, I will shoot you down before you can run a block. Now, will you stay where you are until I open the door?" "Lordy, yes," was the answer, in a voice of sickening fear. And the owner of the hand was as good as his word. When the man opened the door and stepped out into the alley he found himself confronting a diminutive colored boy and a child's "express" wagon. "So your'e the chap that's been robbing me," exclaimed the man. "What have you done with all those wagon loads of coal that you've stolen?" "I've took 'em home, sir," was the sorrowful reply. "Where do you live?" "Up de alley about two blocks an' a half." "How many wagon loads have you stolen?" "Three." "Well, lead the way; I'm going home with you." It turned out that the little negro had told the truth. He had helped himself to just three wagon loads of the coal, and all of the stolen fuel was found in the little back yard of a shanty not far from the scene of the robbery. The boy's parents declared that they knew nothing whatever of the thievery and the boy himself took upon his little shoulders all of the blame. He made three trips back to the coal bin that very night under the supervision of the owner of the coal, replacing every piece of the fuel. And thus another bit of criminal history will remain unchronicled on the police records.

## A NEED OF THE TIME.

Fireproof Electric Cars Necessary to Public Safety.

Scientific American.

A few weeks ago George Westinghouse warned the public against the dangers from fire to electric cars, particularly on elevated and subway systems, are exposed. Reference was made to the disaster to the Liverpool Elevated Railroad, in which a whole train was quickly consumed at a point in the line where the road passed from an elevated into a subway structure. It was only by the sheerest good luck that any of the inmates of the train escaped, as the fire, once started, swept through the train with great rapidity. The letter referred to was written at a time when the use of electric lighting of the New York Central Railroad and New Haven lines in this city was under active discussion, and it was intended as a warning against the too hasty assumption that by the substitution of electricity for steam in the operation of railroads the dangers from fire and other causes would be completely eliminated.

Since Mr. Westinghouse's article there have been several practical illustrations of the force of the warnings given. On the railway cars there has been something of an epidemic of burnt-out fuses, which, being improperly safeguarded, have set fire to the cars with more or less serious results; and it was only within two weeks that on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad a three-car train caught fire and was completely and quickly consumed. This last accident, although fortunately not attended with any personal injuries or loss of life, for the reason that the train was in active service, is a much more serious accident than the burning of a street car, for the reason that the chances of escape for the passengers on a street car are favorable, whereas the breaking out of fire on an electric train on the elevated road is likely to result in a positively awful catastrophe. Should such a case occur on a single-track structure, and be accompanied by a complete dismemberment of the motive power, so that the train halted between stations, the passengers would be shut up in a veritable fire trap. The end doors of the train direct cocked and the platforms overhanging the edges of the elevated structure as they do, it will be seen that the only means of escape would be the doubtful expedient of leaping to the street below. If the dangers due to isolation of a single-track structure on an elevated road, they would be even greater in a subway tunnel, particularly if it caught fire, for the reason that the escape in this case there would be the added horrors of asphyxiation by the extremely heavy fumes which would be given off by the burning insulation and the heavily varnished woodwork of the car.

By taking every precaution known to modern engineering, it would be possible in the construction of the cars, both as regards the car itself and its electrical equipment, to reduce the danger of fire to a point at which it would cease to be a cause of serious concern. In the first place, most careful attention should be given to the insulation of the electrical equipment to the European standard, which is the best in the world. The low-tension electrical equipment which is in use in this country, that fire from a burnt-out fuse or from short-circuiting would be a practical impossibility. A further insurance against fire, not less effective than the first, would be the construction of the cars of non-combustible material, or of the best quality of fireproof wood. Of course, there are a hundred and one other things which could be done to reduce the danger of fire to a point at which it would cease to be a cause of serious concern. In the first place, most careful attention should be given to the insulation of the electrical equipment to the European standard, which is the best in the world. The low-tension electrical equipment which is in use in this country, that fire from a burnt-out fuse or from short-circuiting would be a practical impossibility. A further insurance against fire, not less effective than the first, would be the construction of the cars of non-combustible material, or of the best quality of fireproof wood. Of course, there are a hundred and one other things which could be done to reduce the danger of fire to a point at which it would cease to be a cause of serious concern.

Side Lights on History.

Chicago Tribune.

"Get lost, will you?" when his courtiers remonstrated with him for venturing so far from the imperial palace on his slumming expedition. "Get lost, will you?" when he was told that he was a "rascal" for stealing my fuel, you rascal?" A stifled sob from the alley was the only

## TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS

THE ANNUAL AVAVALANCHE OF HOLIDAY BUSINESS.

Interesting Scenes Where Things for the Little Folks Are on Sale in Indianapolis.

NOVELTIES ON EXHIBITION

THERE ARE ELECTRIC RAILROADS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Also There Can Be Secured the Submarine Boat and Other Toys—Dolls and Other Things.

It is but a month until Christmas, and the toy sellers of Indianapolis are once more preparing for their annual avalanche of holiday business. Buying for the holiday season has already been in progress to some extent during the last fortnight, but with the first December days this week the dealers expect the real, true Christmas enthusiasm to assert itself, as it always does when people begin to realize that the glad yuletide is almost upon them. Everything is in readiness for the Christmas trade in all of the big toy shops, and the toy sellers, who have even now caught the Christmas spirit, are declaring that never before have such novel and delightful playthings been offered for sale in America. Carl Meier, the buyer of toys for Charles Mayer & Co., who spent the greater part of last spring among the toy-makers of Germany, says that more new ideas in toys of all descriptions have developed since last Christmas than ever before in a single year. And not only have the famous toy manufacturers of Germany been active in turning out entirely new playthings, but the American toy-makers have also come to the front with an unusual number of splendid new games and mechanical amusements for children.

## A NEED OF THE TIME.

Fireproof Electric Cars Necessary to Public Safety.

Scientific American.

All of the toy stores and the children's sections in the big department establishments have presented interesting scenes during the last week, for everywhere great boxes, imported from the old country or brought on from the East, have been opened and their contents placed on sale for the first time. And as it is always necessary for the toy sellers to become familiar with the workings of their new wares the advent of new playthings has resulted in a great deal of fun among the clerks in the various establishments. The selling of the jolly Christmas wares, which is sure to settle down into an irksome duty later on during the days and nights of busy holiday trade, is at present a welcome novelty in the life of the big stores, and the clerks have been getting as much pleasure out of the new toys as have the buyers who are picturing in their minds how pleased "little Winita" "little Katie" will be when presented with such delicious surprises on Christmas morning.

## NOVEL TOYS.

Among the most novel of all the new toys are the flying birds and the "Santos-Dumont airships," from Paris. These ingenious playthings were recently invented by a Frenchman who seems to have struck upon the right idea—in a miniature way—of solving the aerial navigation problem. There are no youngsters, or older ones, either, for that matter, who can fail to find a lot of amusement in these little up-to-date contrivances, which sail aloft, after being wound up, flapping little white wings and darting hither and thither about the room until they either "run down" or bump into something which sends them sprawling in true avian style. They are just as likely to bump into the head of the fellow who starts them on their journey if he isn't energetic in keeping out of their way, but, of course, that's part of the game and half the fun of the thing.

Another absolute novelty in mechanical toys is a grotesque clown that, when wound up in the vicinity of his left ribs, clasps his hands together over his knees, and, huddling up in the manner that a circus performer does when he leaps the elephants, turns around the axis of his own body. This toy is the invention of a German genius who has been working upon its development for a long time as earnestly as if the success of his undertaking meant much to the scientific world instead of mere amusement to innumerable little folks. And doubtless the inventor, now that the somewhat child of his brain has become an actuality, is as happy as if he had perfected a perpetual motion apparatus. There is also a monkey that turns somersaults in the same skillful manner and a clown that walks on his hands in the regular equilibrium fashion, both of these toys coming from the same manufacturing concern in Germany that has given to the admiring world the wonderful somersault clown.

But if the French are the best makers of aerial toys and the Germans are the most proficient producers of acrobatic figures, the Americans are, without doubt, at the head of all manufacturers of miniature railroads, with all their accompaniments. The wonderful little locomotives, speeding along tiny rails with a train of cars behind them, became popular playthings several years ago, and each new Christmas season has seen some improvement and additional feature to this delightful toy, until this season the climax has been reached. If there is anything missing from the little railroad outfits this year it would take an expert to discover what that thing is. Louis Murr, who is in charge of the most extensive toy department in the city, and who probably knows more about children's playthings than anybody else in Indianapolis, says that in all of his experience he has never seen any toys so complete in every detail as the marvelous little railroads that have been sent out for this year's holiday trade by the Eastern toy makers. An "outfit," as the clerks call it for lack of a more suitable term, consists of a locomotive and a train of several passenger coaches, a baggage coach, a depot, with all its accessories, a number of little way stations, a couple of flagmen at "surface crossings," a water tank, a tunnel, into which the train in its lightning journey around the room on the bright little rails, plunges boldly and soon emerges at another end, a trestle work with a steep down grade beyond and, finally, a roundhouse and car shop, where things are repaired.

## ELECTRIC RAILROADS.

There are also electric railroads, built on the same generous plans, and one of them that a new being offered for sale in the largest toy stores is a wonder in its way. There are two motor cars and an oval shaped track that may be laid down